

Dangers of Secular Universities

By F. L.

THE dangers besetting the faith of every Catholic entering a secular university recur almost daily and are as various as a chameleon's hues. This statement is based upon a four-year's experience in a State university in the Mississippi Valley. The writer vividly recalls the first assembly of the Latin class. "Pope Gregory (590-604) was afraid the people were reading Livy more than their catechisms, so he ordered Livy's works burned," said the professor, stressing "catechisms" as he curled his lip in righteous scorn, thus revealing pearly teeth. Despite the errors in the statement, there was not a word of protest from the half-dozen Catholics in the class, the writer included. None had the courage to refute the implied charge that the Popes were the enemies of learning; none knew whether the statement was false or true. Doubtless there are many of the professor's auditors who continue to believe to this day that the Popes are and always have been the enemies of learning and progress.

From that first period in the freshman year until graduation there was a succession of theories, statements, innuendos tending to shake belief in Catholicism. "Some sixty million years have elapsed, it can be demonstrated with mathematical exactness," by accepting as true many conditions not proved, "since a fortuitous con-course of atoms, nebulae or meteorites sent the earth wheeling on her giant ellipse through infinite space"; but

there is not a word about a First Great Cause or the primal source of matter and energy. "In the beginning God created heaven and earth," so says Genesis, but that is a fable by the time the young Catholic completes his course in geology. "The hills, rock-ribbed," record the lapses of æons of time. The darting seconds, blending with the more slowly-moving minutes and forming the silent hours which make the stately epochs of geologic time, show the growth of the earth to have been corrodingly lethargic. Hence the Scriptures are an antique myth. The word "created" ceases to have much meaning to the superficial scientist. A Catholic college would have supplied the corrective viewpoint by showing God as the cause of matter and energy and nature's laws. The mention of the Deity in the classroom and in connection with material science is tantamount to a confession of puerile weakness. The writer recalls only one professor who referred with humble reverence to God in the majesty of nature. He was true Scotch and he is dead.

Catholicism is corrupt and licentious; the sophomore's Chaucer proves it. The young man sees monk, friar, summoner, pardoner in "Chaucerian reality"; but he hears never a word about the right of investiture, nor of the struggle the Papacy carried on with the temporal princes to appoint its own bishops. A Catholic college would have supplied the corrective viewpoint by showing how the temporal princes filched from the Church the appointing of bishops, enthroning court favorites with no concern as to spiritual qualifications.

Little wonder the student looks askance at clerical celibacy; he is told much about physical signs of social disease even in the fourteenth century. The history he

gets in his course will not supply the corrective viewpoint because too many of his teachers burn incense at strange shrines, descant on the "benefits" of the "Reformation," and are loud in their praise of the "monk that shook the world." Grisar's work is referred to with scant courtesy; many have never heard of it.

Later on the young man takes a hodge-podge of ethics, philosophy and psychology. The simian prototype is ever present in the classroom, a genealogy which science has failed to demonstrate. Our young Catholic learns that St. Thomas Aquinas and the schoolmen dawdled away many precious hours, attempting to determine how many angels could stand on a pin-point. Kant, Spencer, Mill, James, and their coteries are the really important names to remember. Darwin leads them all. Lourdes is dismissed with a compassionate glance, for if such wonders really do happen they involve merely the laws of nature not yet fully comprehended. All psychic phenomena should be studied without reference to the soul. There is no distinction between brute and human save that of degree; we are more perfectly developed than the dog. He feels, thinks, reasons, aspires, as we do, but merely more rudimentarily. Science will solve all things, such as Lourdes, in time. "Miracles?" "Impossible!" Nature's laws, like gravity, are only but dimly glimpsed."

The young Catholic is an obscurantist if he is not quick to discern that the narrators of the four Gospels greatly exaggerated their accounts of what Jesus did. Of course those people were untutored in modern psychology and were under hypnosis when the wonders related are supposed to have occurred. These sacred writers were not versed in critical research and their methods were

crude; they lived so long ago, too. However, in many respects, Christ was a remarkable man and one of the great reformers. The Catholic student is saved, perchance, because he does not correlate what he has been taught but, through the grace of God, clings to the teachings of his boyhood.

Members of the staff firmly believe that science will eventually comprehend in fullest intensity the baffling, omnipresent, ever-beckoning, ever-elusive mystery: life. Science is the bridge which will span the sheer abyss from which the keenest minds of all ages have recoiled appalled. Humility is not the chief characteristic of the blatant college pseudo-scientists. On a rare occasion the Catholic boy will be told that we do not know, in its full meaning, why two ultimate divisions or quantities of matter or energy, hydrogen and oxygen, unite to form water when brought into natural contact at about 3,200° Fahrenheit. A humble physicist may confess ignorance as to the exact nature of gravity, and once in a while a genuine scientist will tell him that many scientific terms merely cloak our naked ignorance. But for the most part materialistic science is clothed with over-importance and set up in the place of God. How, then, does faith escape destruction?

In the foregoing pages I have sketched some of the dangers to faith which the Catholic student will meet in what may be termed the official life of the secular university. But the story does not end there. Not only does the unsuspecting Catholic put his faith in jeopardy when he enters the lecture halls of these schools, but he will probably find in them an attack upon everything that hitherto he has considered sacred as a valid code of morality.

Conventionality is practically proposed as the chief basis of a workable moral code. The older lines of moral demarcation, beyond which none dared transgress, are of less importance than the observance of the foibles and niceties of social life. The diaphanous raiment of college bayaderes, too often originating among the demi-monde of some European capital, furnishes no cause for censure provided the design be modishly conventional. The rake, open or furtive, clever enough to evade the criminal courts and consequent loss of respectability, is received by the perfumed "eminently respectable," as long as he strikes no discordant note in the scale of social conventions. After a training of this kind, the young student is indeed exceptional if he does not believe that character merely means what other people think of us.

Nor will the stability of the Catholic student's faith and morals be made more secure should he come under the influence of the "latitudinarian" Catholic faculty member. Some whom I have met entertain and teach views strangely heterodox. Perhaps this heterodoxy is merely a "pose," or a bid for popularity as "a broad-minded investigator"; oftener, however, the Catholic faculty member has never attended a Catholic school, and has never taken the trouble to acquire the Catholic viewpoint on historical, ethical or philosophical questions. It may even be that he is ignorant of the fact that such viewpoints exist. In any case, he is quite unfit to handle adequately mooted points in biology, history, psychology, and religion; while the advertised fact that he is a "Catholic" will lend, among unwary Catholics, an added but unmerited authority to his expressed opinions. To maintain in these fussy, superficial days, that the religious

revolution of the sixteenth century was neither a blessing nor a necessity, that religion is not hostile to science, that both capital and labor have rights which each is bound to respect, that certain forms of modern prophylacticized marriages are legalized concubinage, requires faith, courage, and a thorough knowledge of Catholic philosophy. And the typical "Catholic" professor in the secular university is often lacking in one or all of these qualities. Of course, there are exceptions; but being exceptions, they are rarely met with.

Here a few reflections on the influence of certain "officially unofficial" university activities may not be out of place. Perhaps the most prominent of these agents is the Young Men's Christian Association, a body which, permitting Catholics to contribute to its funds, to its standing, and its general prosperity, excludes them from participation in its government. Strictly speaking, it is true that the Y. M. C. A. is not one of the recognized societies of any modern secular university in which it has gained a foothold; yet the recognition which it is usually accorded is scarcely less than "official." Frequently during the year, for instance, its representatives, with the consent and approval of the authorities, conduct the chapel exercises, at which attendance may be obligatory; often the student will find that university affairs have been changed, so as not to interfere with Y. M. C. A. membership campaigns or other activities. The inference drawn from all this by the careless Catholic student is, that those Catholic clergymen and editors who have been charging the Association with reprehensible methods in foreign mission fields are "narrow and bigoted," dwellers in forgotten ruts, persons who are generally misinformed, and always ready to believe the

worst. From this conclusion, especially if reenforced by chance remarks on the campus or set lectures in the classroom, the Catholic student more or less easily passes to the conviction that, after all, the Catholic Faith is ultra-sectarian and needs a little "toning down."

Supposing the most favorable result, a period of some years will elapse after graduation before the Catholic student perceives that his university training was based on a large amount of sham, not to say falsehood. The varied teachings of his Alma Mater seem to be at one only on this point: that, theoretically at least, we can be sure of nothing. This purely negative conclusion is not satisfying, for one thing, and again, practical life shows that it is not true. At all events his Alma Mater has not provided him with a valid, comforting, sane and practical philosophy of life. Such a philosophy the modern university scarcely professes to give. It has busied itself in "correlating the things of the mind with the things of modern life," But "modern life" is so complex and changing an entity that it has defied "correlation" The result is chaos, unless "the things of the mind" and the more important "things of the soul" have been rejected as factors of which the modern world need take no serious cognizance. It seems to me that this rejection of the spiritual things of the mind and of the soul is precisely the ruin into which much of what is termed "university training" has been forced. And with what result? "Success" has taken on a new meaning. The dollar mark, the preferment of a fickle mob, the development of one's "individuality" even beyond eccentricity, are some of the standards by which success is gauged.

The young student at the secular university will, as

a rule, be blind to the fact that, were the Church the illogical, tyrannical institution that she is pictured by some of his professors, she long ago would have ceased to be. A show of learning, an affectation of impartiality impress him; he has not the discernment to know that it is merely show and affectation; in the language of the campus, "bluff." He does not see that his professor, who would hotly resent any criticism of his own opinions, if put forward save by a specialist, is quite ready to pass judgment, and with the finality found only in some university professors, upon any and all questions pertaining to the Catholic Church. He holds, does this professor, that the opinion of a lawyer on a recondite point of biology is of no particular value, save perhaps, as a curiosity; that mathematicians should not dogmatize upon delicate problems in international law; that, in brief, the cobbler should stick to his last, but not a university professor of his own exceptional accomplishments. A larger field is permitted him; "academic freedom" justifies him in occupying it. While he would not recommend you to consult a blacksmith for a toothache, this person, in no sense a specialist in Catholic doctrine, practice or history, does not hesitate to pronounce the last words on any and all debated points affecting, proximately or remotely, the Catholic Church.

Let me recount briefly a few of the vagaries autocratically dominant in secular schools, and diametrically opposed to Catholic teaching. Take the old question of the freedom of the will. The very terms are rejected by many, as postulating what they call "the compartment-theory of the scholastics," according to which the soul is composed of three separate entities, memory, understanding and will. The beginner in scholastic philosophy

knows that the scholastics held nothing of the sort, but how is our Catholic student, carefully guarded by his instructors from contact with the original sources, to know this? But even admitting the terms, the psychology in favor in the modern school cannot allow that the will is free. What is done is done by necessity. Paradise, if there be a Paradise, was never won by Magdalene nor forfeited by Judas. The treachery of the one and the repentance of the other were phenomena over which neither had any control.

As to the perversions which some call "birth-restriction" and others, more properly, "race-suicide," not much need be said save that its liceity is taken for granted. "It is better," some callow instructor, with a genius for ignoring the principle at issue, will utter importantly, "to give one child every material and educational advantage than to allow many to enter life handicapped." What effect these and similar encouragements to immorality are producing may be seen in the small or non-existent family that is typical of what has been called "the most educated corner of America," non-Catholic New England.

As I view the matter, the young man who expects to go through a secular university with faith unshaken and morals unimpaired, must possess the courage of a saint and the mental training of a Catholic doctor of philosophy. He has enemies within and without the classroom and the lecture-hall. He is surrounded by pagan savants, learned theorists, superficial thinkers, men to whom tradition is a joke, the soul a myth, and the spirit of reverence, which Carlyle set down as a prime requisite in a student, a mental and moral weakness. The young Catholic may rise above his surround-

ings; again, he may not. He is taking a chance, with the odds against him. I should advise his parents to make a good, old-fashioned meditation on the duties of one's state of life. If, at its conclusion, they can still allow their son to remain at the modern secular college, then I am willing to grant their salvation on the equally old-fashioned principle of invincible ignorance.

A Word to Catholic Parents

. EDWARD FRANCIS MOHLER, A.B., M.A.

THE world of today counts the worth of a man or woman in terms of results. Two questions are put, and on the answers to those questions will depend the popular and correct estimate of personal preparedness. Those questions are: "What are you getting out of this life?" and "What are you laying up for the life to come?"

It is a popularly accepted notion that the world is generally concerned only with the things that concern it, and to a great extent that notion is true; but the world realizes that anyone who concentrates all his energies on winning a high place in the world to come is a valuable and safe man to do business with. He will be conscientious, reliable, exacting and just; he will judge himself as severely as he judges the world. Results, then, mean something big in today's final judgment. Everyone is asked to account for the blessed advantages

he has received; and in this modern time advantages are merely a question of the proper disposition. He who wants may have them in supreme degree.

The man who guides the destinies of 10,000 factory workers into full-fledged accomplishment and service will tell you that training brought him into that leadership. The woman who plays a powerful part in ministering to the wants of the ill, the poor, the forsaken, the unfortunate, will explain that, while the sweetly-disposed human heart within enables her to work mighty deeds in mercy and correction, efficiency, after all, elongates her ministering hand and enlarges her field. The doctor, the merchant, the lawyer, the chief, those mystic playfellows of fortune-telling, wishful, wide-hoping youth, will invariably insist that training is essential in their chosen lines of work.

But they will be equally unanimous and insistent that the best preparation for their life-labor is a general, solid education. Those among the leaders of today's world who have had the advantage of a carefully arranged training, duly voice their thanks; those who had no such advantage deplore the lack, because they see in the distance the flights they might have made, the good they might have done, the fuller realization which might have come to them, had they received a broad, general preparation.

Hence, Catholic fathers and mothers, I am directing to you this plea for the education of your sons and daughters. The business, the scientific, and even the religious world today, instead of getting wider, is getting smaller in inverse ratio to accomplishment. He who increases his prospects of success is the specialist. And yet a specialist, without a previous general, well-balanced,

securely founded training is a lost man and a dangerous animal to that portion of society in which he operates.

In the United States, Catholic fathers and mothers, Catholic young men and women have exceptional opportunities to obtain a Catholic college training. It was not so in your time. Fifty years ago it was well-nigh impossible to obtain an advanced education; today it is conversely impossible to avoid getting one, unless neglect and lack of appreciation bias the view and cloud the mind. Catholic colleges for men and women throw wide their doors and offer every invitation and inducement to worth-while, "live-wire," willing youth. Untrained, thought-loose, mentally gangling youth enters . . . and emerges grounded in the essentials of material and spiritual life. And regardless of what climax is to cap one's life, this preliminary grounding is more and more insisted upon as the years pass, because experience has demonstrated that it makes for real and lasting accomplishment.

After the general training may come the specialization. He or she who, in this manner, becomes a specialist will be a useful member of society. When the feet are upon the earth, well planted and steadily poised, we may look at the stars. The anchorage will maintain our balance. In other words, the generally trained specialist will never come to think that the universe is bound up in his personal fields of endeavor; he will never try to solve the riddles of humanity or the problems of eternity according to the formulæ of his trade, profession, calling—alone. His general training has given him a wider outlook than that, for it has shown him that other channels lead to the same common watershed and that each bears with it sands of value.

While insisting repeatedly upon the value of a college training, I would not care to create the erroneous impression that the world will come more quickly to a young man or young woman because of a college training; but I do insist that that same incredulous world will come more quickly through the graduate's work than it will through the untrained work of one who has not had the graduate's opportunities. The college man or woman wins the prizes in today's world. Better still, the Catholic college man or woman, or the Catholic young man or woman trained in a Catholic college, knows no bar to advancement. And in this thought there need not be too much idea of glory, but merely the thought of doing better and greater things. Let us remember that preparedness is the world-encircling watchword in everything; let us remember, too, that preparedness in spiritual matters has always been the motto of the Catholic Church. Material training now counts as it never did before. Catholic parents, it counts more now than it did in days when you looked out upon life questioningly yet hopefully. Tomorrow it will be valued still more highly. Spiritual, religious training means more to its possessor now than it did when you were young, because the world at large has so little of the genuine and so much of the spurious. The premium on it tomorrow will be still higher. When your sons and daughters have succeeded you they will meet a situation which you today do not know. Then there will be even less of the genuine, the true, and the worthy, and only those who have been prepared can remain at large.

Catholic fathers and mothers, send your sons and daughters to the Catholic colleges. Give them the best. That best, in so far as your children are concerned, is

to be found *only* within the walls of Catholic colleges. To send them elsewhere is to give them less than their right, for they have a right to be prepared.

The Catholic colleges stand with their doors beckoning invitation. They stand surrounded by the alumni and alumnæ they have sent forth to accomplishment. The Catholic colleges point to your sons and daughters, and then to the sons and daughters of their adoption, and seem to say: "Let yours be ours, and in rich measure we will prepare them for wide-reaching accomplishment in two worlds!"

Catholic fathers and mothers, what do you think of that invitation? To you it is given to return the answer. Perhaps if the answer does not come now, another day may present for your answer a totally different proposition.

A Graduate's Confession

By JOHN J. CROWLEY

I WAS not an honor speaker, so I merely sat on the Commencement platform and listened and thought. Out of the haze of banquets and speeches and music and handshakes only one fact stood out clearly: it was all over. Four years lay behind me and today I was—what? Unconsciously my mind reverted to an unforgettable incident of two years before. One evening as I was leaving the college with two other students, we were suddenly hailed by a passing socialist “soap-boxer” with a taunt, “Trainin’ yerselves to be parasites, eh!” We passed on, but his words went home. “Was I a parasite?” To find the answer I looked back over the five years just drawing to a close, and here is the accounting:

After graduating from high school I entered a so-called non-sectarian college, which, however, had a distinctly Unitarian atmosphere. At the close of a year, for reasons irrelevant here, I decided to enter a Jesuit College in the same city. I was admitted to the Freshman class. Instantly, unconsciously, I began making comparisons. While these comparisons, continued throughout four years, might be most illuminating, the limitations of this article compel me to forego the strong temptation to relate them, and to confine myself to my actual career at H—, with its results, as I saw them on Commencement Day. Naturally, however, my impressions were colored by contrast.

I was fully cognizant when I entered H— that the curriculum called for a twenty-four hour schedule, in-

stead of the eighteen I had been used to at C—. I knew also that the elective courses were confined to the Senior year, but I confess that I was not quite prepared for the discipline I found there. I expected that a "reasonable" amount of "cuts" would be allowed, and that a man who could "get by" without attending all his classes might spend the time under the trees or playing tennis, or in any of a hundred other pleasant ways. Alas, for my dreams! I discovered that an hour a month might slip by the eagle eye of the dean, but more, or, indeed, two hours in succession, would invariably find me "on the carpet." Mere attendance at class did not suffice, the system went farther than that. A drop below the required standard was not only publicly posted, but the recalcitrants were forced to spend many of their choicest afternoons "in durance vile." There was no "easiest way." It was work or "get out." And the result? In my case and in that of the majority of others we worked. We worked because we had to work, not because it appealed to us as desirable. Of course, there was the usual minority who would have worked hard anyway. They were the honor men. But for the rest of us the old saying held true, "A boy's will is the wind's will," and strangely enough the system seemed to be founded upon the universality of that very truism. The sanction was the same in the Sophomore and Junior years, but in the Senior year the bars were lowered a trifle. And marvelous to relate, nobody seemed to notice it. By the time the Senior year was reached I had become so accustomed to doing that which I had come to college to do that I had a vague sense that somehow it was my duty. The temptation to "cut" and to "squeeze through" was as strong as ever, but I found that I could now say

"No" with ease, and that I could cling to my determination. This was true of the majority of my classmates, who, while hardly conscious of any change in themselves trudged along with an unspoken determination that told the tale. We were able to work and we were willing to do so.

One of the most striking features of life at H—— was its social side. There were no fraternities. If one had never observed the fraternity system in its workings the full significance of this statement may be lost. But I had seen it all; the cliques, the snubbing, the sudden coldness between friends, the false standards of worth, the blighting of character and the creation of snobs. Therefore, I appreciated the real democracy at H——, where all men were brothers, and none were dearer brothers than the professors. They were ever at one's disposal, day and night, in the classroom or elsewhere, as helpers, advisers and friends. Many of my jolliest hours have been spent in the rooms of my instructors. To be sure, in a large college like H—— there were little knots of chums and friends, but there was nothing that corresponded to the aristocracy of the fraternities. There were no select dormitories; the sons of Judy O'Grady and the colonel's lady lived in the same hall with the professors. There were no castes at H—— but those of brains and character. The result? We rated men by their ability and achievements, and not by any empty social distinction. The graduates were Americans and not snobs.

I never realized the value of the course in philosophy at H—— until after a few chance *rencontres*, on paper and otherwise, with men from other colleges. Then it grew upon me that I was the possessor, not alone of an

impartial knowledge of the history of philosophy, but of a set of principles founded on common sense, every one of them correlated, tested by time and trial and unfailing in a crisis. I did not have to gather a few grains from Kant, a few from Descartes, a few from James and from a thousand others, to rear a structure which I might have to raze on the morrow only to build anew with pebbles from Bergson. I became aware that my feet were on a rock, composed of all the matter that unaided reason can know, of the laws of God and nature and of their proper relation. I refer to scholastic philosophy, which forms the principle part of the Junior and Senior course of H——.

There was but one course. It included both the classics and the sciences. There were no electives, save in Senior year; it was all or none. Every subject in the curriculum met some particular need of a well-educated man. Nothing was neglected, nothing was over-emphasized. Specialization was left for the universities and professional schools, H—— was concerned only with turning out gentlemen with a well-rounded education. There could be but one outcome; to every man graduated all things else being equal, every line of endeavor was open. The pulpit or the marketplace, the bench or the desk, they were all within his grasp. He could work and was willing to work, he knew men, he had a standard by which to judge right and wrong, and he knew the groundwork on which all special study must be based.

He had been brought under one other influence, however, which, whether he knew it or not, had left its mark upon him. At H—— he breathed Catholicism. Not the chanting and the candles and the incense that many outside the walls regard as the distinctive atmosphere of a

Catholic institution, but the pure wholesome air of sane thinking, right living, reverence of God and service of fellowman. There were no long religious ceremonies. There was Mass in the morning, Benediction at set times, a short prayer before class; those were all the formal exercises of religion, but there was the feeling of the omnipresent Christ. The quiet earnestness, the light-heartedness and the manliness of the professors who had devoted their lives to this work made me feel more that they were men of God than did their gowns and caps. As well expect to bathe without getting wet or to cross the Arctic circle without feeling cold as to be graduated from H—— and not have imbibed real religion. The gift of virile, practical and unflinching praise, reverence and service of God was the crowning glory of the course at H——.

These were my thought as I looked back over four years on Commencement Day. I had learned a few languages and had mastered the rudiments of some of the sciences. I had acquired a valuable knowledge of men and things by rubbing elbows with men from every clime; an education by friction, as it were. But it was not the jumble of words and sentences and formulæ, nor the acquaintances I had made that seemed to me to constitute the positive benefits of my college career. The acquisitions which seemed to me the greatest were not quite as tangible as these. They might be called powers to do certain things: a power to work willingly and hard, not because I liked to, but because it was my duty; a power to value men, not on externals, but on character and ability; a power to think logically and to argue squarely on any problem, and to determine as far as reason can the true from the false; a power to enter any

branch of public service, better equipped after a few years' specialization than any man lacking a training similar to that given at H——. Lastly, a power to live as one who realizes that his only purpose on earth is to save his immortal soul.

Having thus summed up the results of my undergraduate days, I felt prepared to meet the question. "No. Mr. Socialist, I am not a parasite," I murmured, half aloud.

Safe-Guarding Our Children

BY PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

IT is not enough to say, as many foolish parents say, that our boys and girls are "good." Of course, they are; but that statement is merely an added incentive to take all care that they remain good; not a guarantee that they may be exposed to insidious danger. It is not enough to say that the reputation of the school is "good," or even that the purposes of the faculty are "good." To-day, the word "good" takes its whole tone and color from the individual who uses it. It is a chameleon word, and not a term of fixed meaning.

How can it have definite meaning when our very standards of morality are uncertain? Every evil that has afflicted the world has been propagated under the plea of goodness. "Good" may mean good for the individual, but bad for the community; good for the individual's passion but bad for his character; good for the moment, but bad in the long run. The infamous dancing-woman who two winters ago, with the approval of the super-refined, exposed semi-nude little children on a New York stage, did her nefarious deeds in the name of "morality." A disreputable film which after many excisions, was reluctantly licensed in New York, professes to "teach a high moral lesson," and heads its newspaper advertisements with the announcement that "to the pure all things are pure."

Now our very schools are by no means exempt from this transmutation of a word whose meaning was for-

merly fixed and familiar. Herein lies the danger to the Catholic child. The principles of Catholic morality are sure and solid; the sanction of morality, in the Catholic system, extends even to the intimate thought and the unspoken word. Outside the Church, morality seems largely synonymous with conventionality or personal advantage; and while the overt act may be condemned, thought and will, its source, are held to be exempt. Rejecting as essentially incomplete and practically harmful, any system which does not invoke the supernatural, the Catholic Church teaches her children the morality proposed and exemplified in the revelation of God in Jesus. Exposed our children may be, in spite of our best efforts; but if we have given them a thorough training in Catholic morality, the danger of loss is reduced to a minimum. This guarantee is absolutely beyond the power of the secular school. In its classrooms, formal ethical training may, at times, attain the levels set by Aristotle and the wisest of pagans, but too often will it sink to the low plane of "sex-hygiene" proposed under the guise of "biology."

Mr. James E. Peabody, Head of the department of Biology, Morris High School, New York, is no doubt, a man of high character, but I sincerely trust that no Catholic child may be allowed to come under his tutelage. His idea of "good" and the Catholic idea, are widely diverging variants. Writing in *Social Hygiene* for July, 1916, he holds that it is "good" to "satisfy the curiosity" of children under ten years of age. Mr. Peabody has the advantage of me; he can discuss in the pages of a professional review and in his classrooms, topics which I cannot touch on in a review of general circulation. But an excerpt or two, will give a sufficiently accurate notion

of Mr. Peabody's methods. "Children," he writes, "are simply seeking for knowledge which, in my judgment, *it is their right to have*, and which can be easily given them before the dawn of sex-consciousness." Why place this dawn so indefinitely at ten years of age? Moralists do not follow Mr. Peabody here, nor is there a general agreement among scientists. Abnormal children are common enough today to make the assumption dangerous for use in the classroom. Writing of his high school work, Mr. Peabody continues: "In this advanced course (*advanced biology* in the third and fourth years of high school!) we discuss very frankly, even in mixed classes, the reproductive process through the mammals."

As scientific teaching, judging from Mr. Peabody's submitted program, this course is bosh. Some points might profitably be discussed by advanced students, thoroughly trained in scientific and philosophical principles and methods; others have no place whatever in a biological course, unless biology includes pathology, ethics and religion. But there is another aspect to this matter. What are Catholic parents, whose boys and girls are pupils at Morris High School, thinking of? Do they still cling to that ancient sophism to which no sane man ever gave assent, that sex-knowledge restrains the will, particularly, knowledge imparted under such circumstances?

Mr. Peabody appends a list of subjects upon which he lectures to his pupils. Moralists invariably, and scientists occasionally, have recourse to Latin when discussing many of these topics. After a careful review, it seems to me that at Morris High School, and, possibly, in many schools for boys and girls in this country, "biology" means "sex-hygiene." As to the subjects discussed with

the girls of this school in special classes by another teacher, these, in my opinion, are even more injudicious and harmful. Certainly, no Catholic girl can take part in them.

I am not quite sure that Mr. Peabody is a typical example; I sincerely trust that, with all his good will, he is not. I can understand too, that in the utter absence of supernatural means of restraint and elevation, the school authorities find this course an absolute necessity. But I cannot help thinking that the admonition of Geddes, "Care must be taken not to say too much" has been allowed to slip into oblivion; and excluding special and extraordinary circumstances, I have no hesitation in stating my conviction that the Catholic parent who allows his child to attend mixed classes, in which questions of the most delicate nature are discussed "very frankly," is guilty of a grave dereliction of duty.